

## Hold me close and don't dare let go

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33731041>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Dream SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Phil Watson</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">One Shot</a> , <a href="#">Hybrid Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Good Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of <a href="#">Change fate, be kind</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">my finished stories :(</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-06 Words: 1,516 Chapters: 1/1

# Hold me close and don't dare let go

by [sircantus](#)

## Summary

Wilbur walks at a steady pace through the forest, keeping his footsteps quiet, and keeping an eye out for movement. He's good at traveling through the trees at night, and he's used to the dark, after hiding in it for so much of his life.

Taking a step off a little ledge of dirt, Wilbur looks down as his foot lands on something strange, and he realizes far too late what he's just stepped into.

Within seconds, Wilbur's off the ground, yanked up into the air by a net with a scream.

---

Deleted scene from Change Fate by Being Aggressively Kind!! Set after Wilbur is just found.

## Notes

Heads-up, this is a scene that didn't make it into Change Fate by Being Aggressively Kind!!!

Kinda couldn't find a way to put it in there, but I had the idea still in my drafts for a long while, lmao

This will not really make sense on it's own, I kinda recommend reading the main fic if this is like the first fic of mine you've clicked on.

Thank you, that's all

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's not that Wilbur doesn't like Phil.

He's...okay. He's unusual, for the most part. Too kind, too gentle.

Wilbur doesn't trust him.

He's met a lot of people while on the run, and he knows how they act towards him. He's gotten accustomed to that, and he relives it in his dreams, turns it over in his head when he's thinking too much.

A scowl or a threat, a jeering voice and cruel laughter, with a net thrown over him, and weapons pointed at his face. Wilbur screams and kicks and *fights* and he knows how hunters are.

Phil's not a hunter, though.

No, Phil's honestly just some guy. Maybe just an idiot, or something along those lines. He looks at Wilbur like he's not a threat, and Wilbur just takes that as him being underestimated. Which, he doesn't mind. That works in his favor.

It's late at night, and Phil sleeps a good distance from Techno and Wilbur, seeming to want to give them space, but not being too far that he can't get to them. Technoblade snores in his sleep.

Wilbur crawls away from Techno, and keeps his eyes on Phil, watching where he steps, and keeping quiet as he heads off into the forest. If Techno didn't like Phil so much, Wilbur would try attacking his throat in his sleep.

Instead, he sneaks away into the trees, deciding to try and put some distance between him and those two. They were nice, but Wilbur's better on his own. He had hoped that maybe Techno could come with him...

But no. He doesn't think Techno would agree at all, and rather would sell him out to Phil, maybe.

Wilbur walks at a steady pace through the forest, keeping his footsteps quiet, and keeping an eye out for movement. He's good at traveling through the trees at night, and he's used to the dark, after hiding in it for so much of his life.

Taking a step off a little ledge of dirt, Wilbur looks down as his foot lands on something strange, and he realizes far too late what he's just stepped into.

Within seconds, Wilbur's off the ground, yanked up into the air by a net with a scream.

He immediately starts fighting, kicking and squirming and dragging his nails across the rope, panic clawing its way through his chest. The net swings a bit with the momentum of suddenly being drawn up, and Wilbur hates it, he hates how he's off the ground, he hates how he's trapped in this uncomfortable, squished position.

Trying to breathe, he gasps for air while turning his head up towards the trees, and he can see where the rope hangs over the branch, keeping him suspended. Reaching a hand out through the small holes in the net, he grabs at the main rope and tugs at it, scratching at it desperately with his nails.

His wrist becomes caught in the rope, and Wilbur yanks back hard, feeling it burn against his skin as he pulls it free. He tries to look around, his breathing becoming faster and faster as he keeps trying to get out, keeps trying to escape. He's on a timer, he's on a time limit, if there's a net, there's a hunter, and if there's a hunter, then Wilbur will get caught if he doesn't get away and *hide*-

The net keeps swinging back and forth, and Wilbur keeps making tiny frustrated noises, kicking and scratching and choking back the sob that wants to climb up in his throat. His eyes

burn and he can't breath, can't think, and he wants- he needs to get out, he needs- he doesn't have *time*-

"No, no, no, no-" Wilbur mutters, quiet and shaky, and he remembers that Technoblade and Phil aren't too far from here. If he screams, if he calls for them, they could come. They could help.

But would they want to?

Wilbur doesn't know Phil, Wilbur has no clue if the man will cut him down from here or will just take Techno and leave. Maybe he set the trap, maybe he was baiting Wilbur the whole time, this could have all just been a stupid, stupid betryal and Wilbur was being *stupid*-

Wil's head hits the back of the net as he looks up again, and he struggles to breathe, his vision swimming as tears spill over and fall down his face. He gasps for air and he scratches out with a snarl and a sob, wanting to be out, wanting to be on the ground, wanting to be anywhere but this little net keeping him trapped in the air.

He's losing time, he's losing his chance, and if Wilbur keeps waiting, will someone come along, and put him into another net to be taken somewhere else? Will he be thrown into a new cage to escape, will chains once again be put onto his tiny wrists?

Fuck it all, he *can't, not again*-

"H-Help!" Wilbur chokes out, wrapping his hands around the rope and trying to pull himself up into a sitting position. He takes a deep breath, and tries to be louder, tries to make his voice reach past the trees to Phil. "PHIL!"

Wilbur doesn't know Phil, he doesn't even really know Techno, but he hopes and goddammit, he *trusts* .

“PHIL! HELP ME, HELP ME, PHIL, *PLEASE*-!” Wilbur cries, voice cracking and wavering, too weak to be heard. It’s too weak, but he has to try, even with the way his voice hurts, it stings and feels painful but he has to *try*. “*PLEASE, PLEASE, HELP ME!*”

Wilbur screams and screams and keeps on screaming, louder than he ever has in his life. Because this time, he has the tiniest sliver of hope that someone will come for him. Someone, just this once, could save him.

And so he cries and begs and hears footsteps approaching, and he feels panic swallow him whole. He can’t see past the tears and he can’t hear anything over his own words so he just sobs, and hopes, and waits, waiting for it all to come crashing down-

“Techno, cut that rope-!”

Suddenly, Wilbur’s falling, and he closes his eyes, waiting to slam into the forest ground, except instead he only falls right into someone’s arms.

He’s set down on the floor, too gently, too kindly, and hands are pulling at the net around him. Rope is pulled off from his shoulders and he’s picked up and carried away from it, held close to someone’s chest.

Wilbur can hardly breathe, eyes wide, tears streaming down his face, and all he can even feel is pure, absolute disbelief and *shock*.

Because-

They actually-?

“It’s okay, it’s okay, mate.” Phil is talking over his head, and he brushes his fingers through Wilbur’s hand, runs his palms over his arms as if he’s checking for any terrible injuries.

“You’re okay, you’re alright.”

“Phil-?” Wilbur chokes out, fingers digging into Phil’s shirt, and he’s only held tighter, arms around him, shielding him from the world like he’s *worth* something. “You-?”

“Wilbur, are you hurt? Does it hurt anywhere?” Phil asks, pulling back and holding Wilbur’s face in his hands. He looks down with worry in his expression, worried for Wilbur, and that’s not something he’s used to.

This isn’t a look he’s at all used to.

“No, I-” Wilbur’s shoulders shake as he chokes on a sob, and he squeezes his eyes shut and just shakes his head. “I didn’t- *Phil*- ” His voice cracks, and his throat burns, so he shuts up and just cries.

“Oh, mate.” Phil’s hands wipe at his face, and Wilbur presses up against his palms, holding onto Phil’s arms with a death grip. “It’s okay now, it’s okay.”

Wilbur’s pulled into another hug, buried in Phil’s arms. Phil keeps talking over his head, keeps holding him like he means something to him, and Wilbur can’t do anything but cry.

“I thought-” Wilbur tries to say, and Phil rubs a hand up and down his back, holding him close. “I thought that-” He breaks off into another sob.

“You thought what?” Phil asks, and Wilbur cries harder.

“I was scared!” Wilbur admits, and he shoves his face into Phil’s shirt, ignoring the way his tears soak into the fabric. “I thought no one would come, I thought-!”

“No, no, no.” Phil soothes. “I would never just leave you like that, Wilbur. Especially when you’re hurt, I could never do that.”

Wilbur wants to tell Phil that it would make sense if he did, and that plenty others have done it before, but instead he just holds onto Phil, and lets Phil carry him off the ground.

“Shhh. Come on, let’s not stay here.” Phil says, Wilbur wrapping his arms around his neck. “It’s not safe here.”

“Do you think hunters are nearby?” Techno asks, and Wilbur tenses up in Phil’s arms.

“I don’t know. But let’s not stick around to find out, yeah?” Phil starts walking, Technoblade following at his heels. “Watch where you step and stay close, okay, Techno?”

“Okay.”



End Notes

Thank u for reading

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!